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SKIN FLICKS -
Actress Sandrine
OPENS UP

THEY SLEPT THEIR WAY TO FAME —
Pillow Talk

HOT Spots!

SINGAPORE SWING

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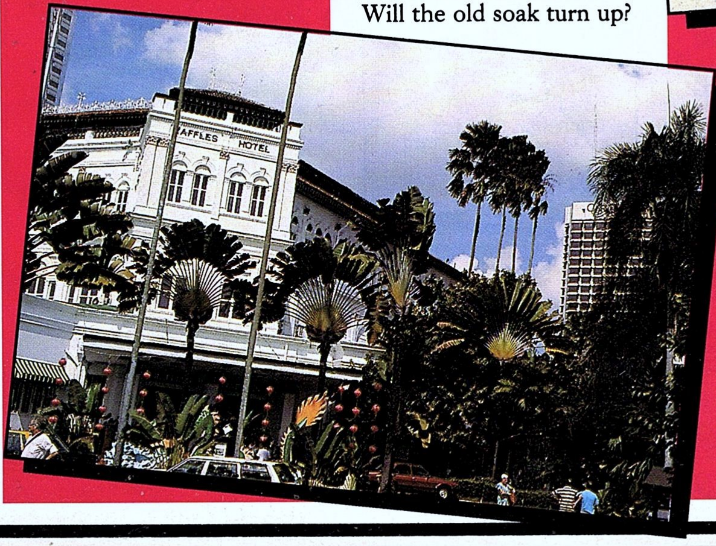

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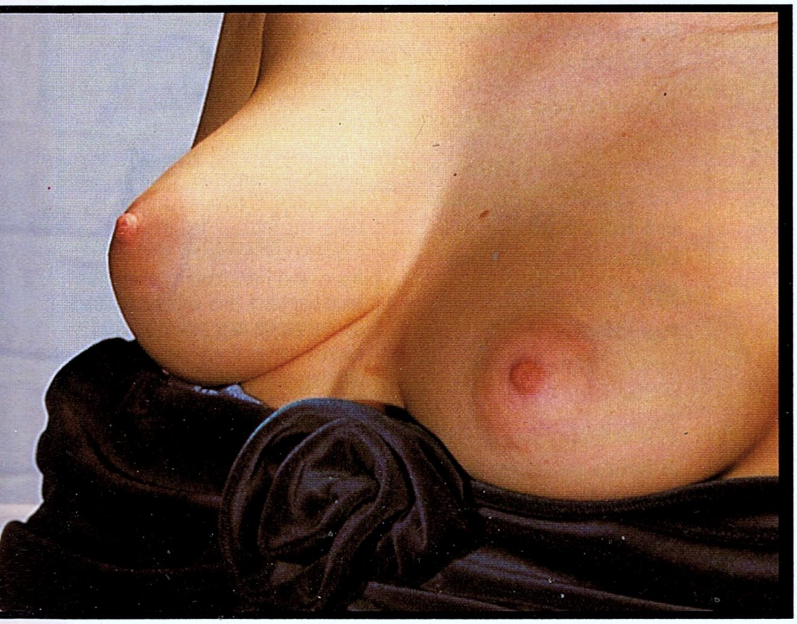
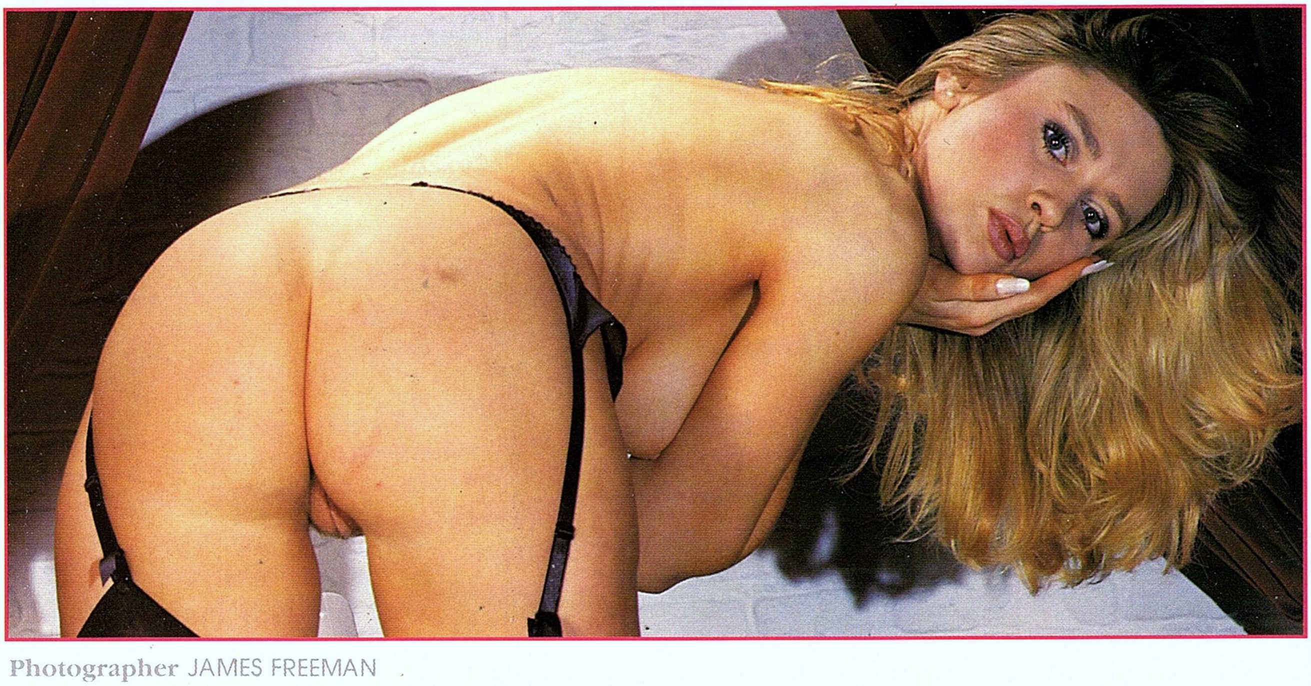


LUCINDA



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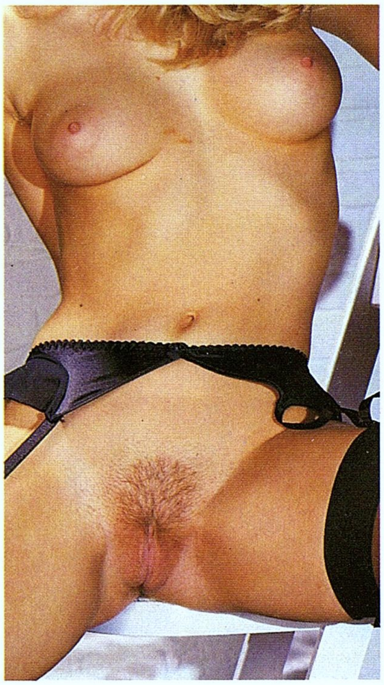


In the striptease spotlight today, we have the unmeasurable pleasure of presenting for your delight and delectation the breathtaking Lucinda. She does a strip and you drip, get the idea? Lucinda knows that all the world's a stage. And that the best way to get applause is to whip yer clothes off and pose. So, goggle eyed readers, give her a big hand, and a big cock too. Lights, curtains, erection, ejaculation … thank you and good night.

LUCINDA
KNAVE

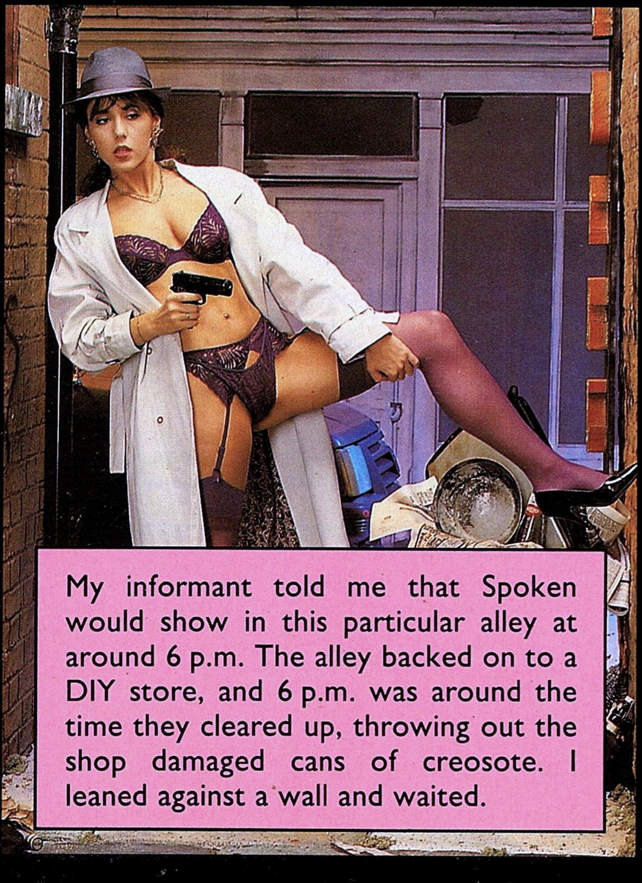
The Swinging DETECTIVE

Nancy Screw In: One Of Our Editors Is Missing!

Text by DAVID RIDER

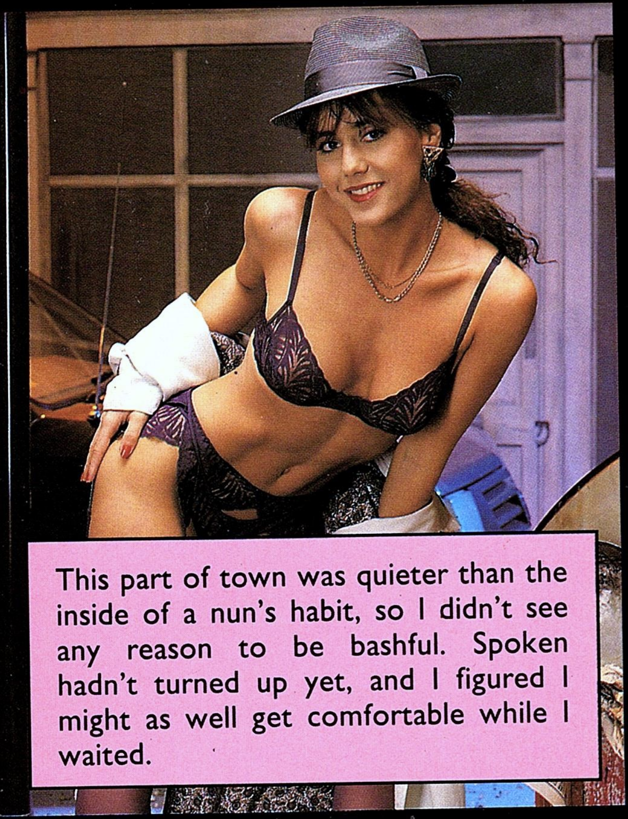
Photographed by JAMES FREEMAN

K.E. Spoken, Editor of the prestigious skin mag "Spanish Party Time" has disappeared, and private thigh Nancy Screw has been called in to locate him. The word on the street was that Spoken had done a runner because his varnish supplier had gotten heavy about a bad debt. The supplier was Vinnie "The Chopper" Testarossa, a heavy handed wise guy from the south side. Spoken had taken a shine to Vinnie's daughter and one night they'd hit a late night drinking joint popular with French polishers. By the time Vinnie's boys had caught up with her, she was totally embalmed and Spoken had given her the brush off, ducking out the back door.

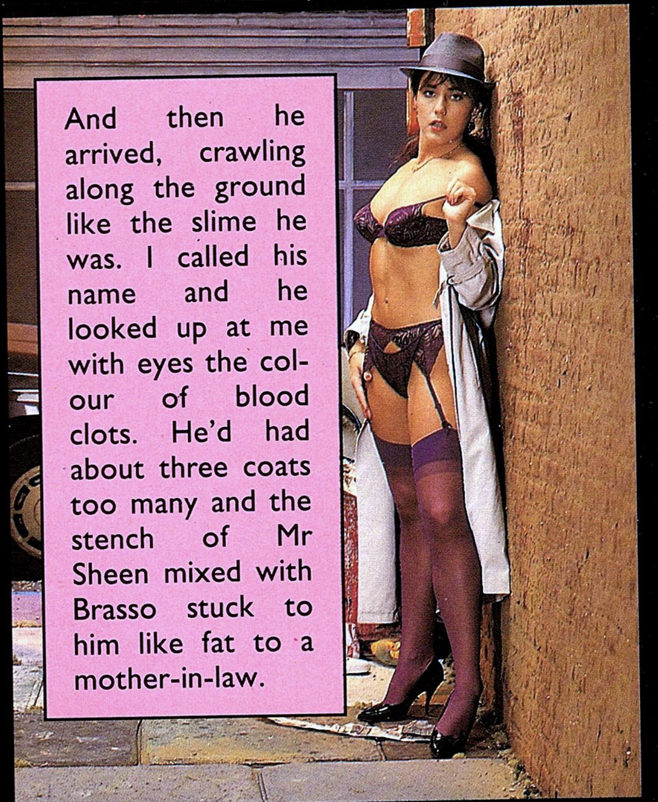


My informant told me that Spoken would show in this particular alley at around 6 p.m. The alley backed on to a DIY store, and 6 p.m. was around the time they cleared up, throwing out the shop damaged cans of creosote. I leaned against a wall and waited.

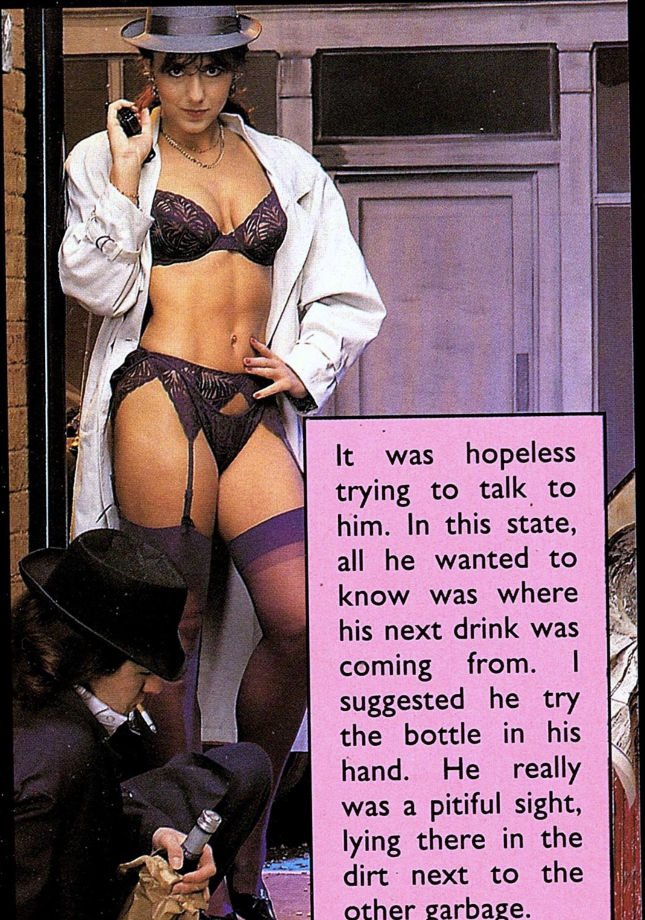
It was humid as hell, and my raincoat made my underwear stick to me. My damp flesh needed some air like a boxer needs a brain scan. The wind brushed my thighs, and I looked around to make sure no-one had heard it.



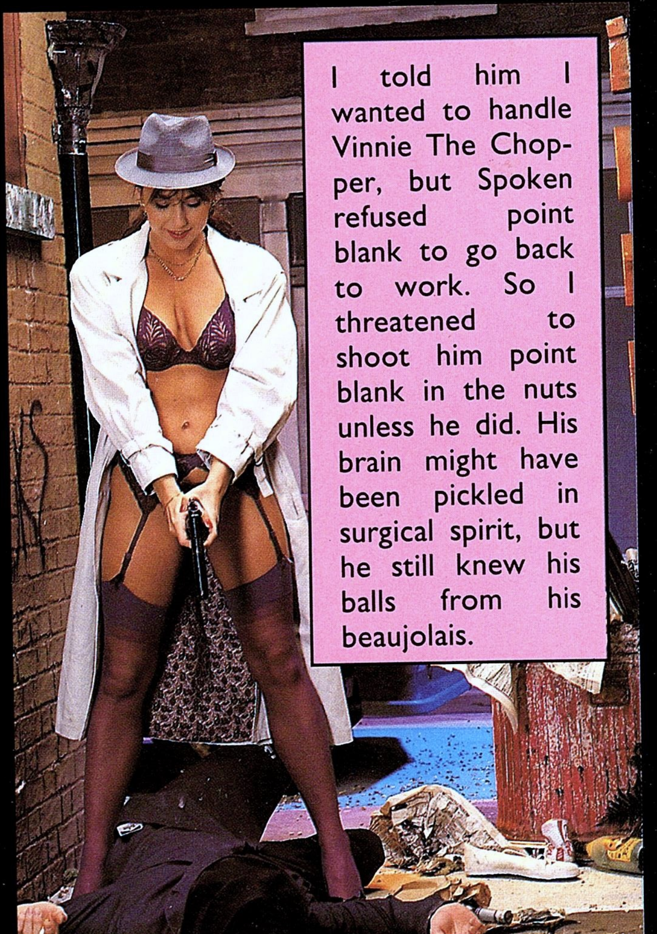
This part of town was quieter than the inside of a nun's habit, so I didn't see any reason to be bashful. Spoken hadn't turned up yet, and I figured I might as well get comfortable while I waited.



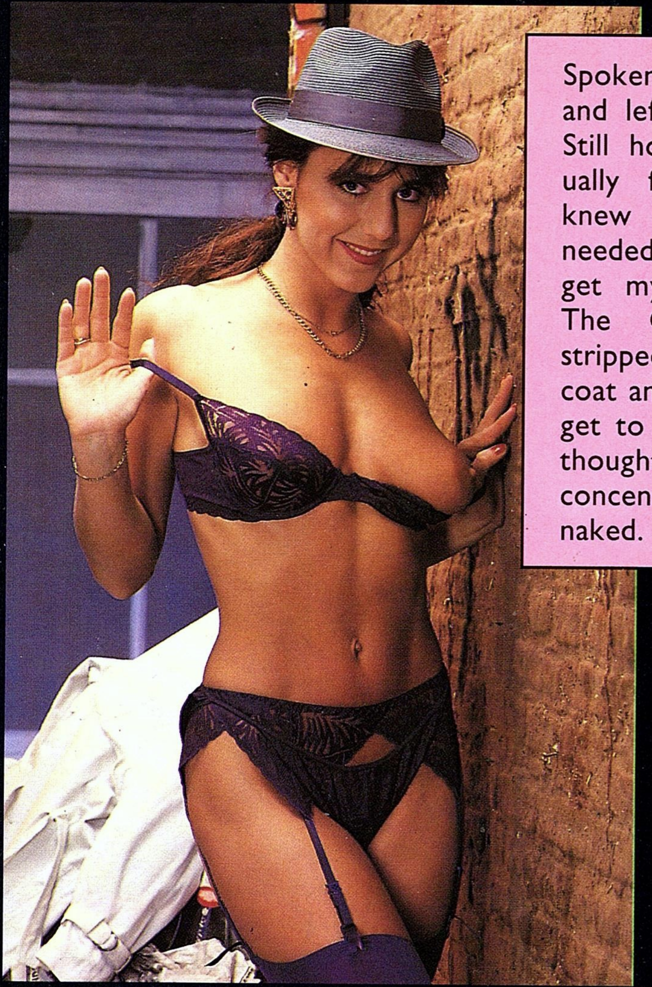
And then he arrived, crawling along the ground like the slime he was. I called his name and he looked up at me with eyes the colour of blood clots. He'd had about three coats too many and the stench of Mr Sheen mixed with Brasso stuck to him like fat to a mother-in-law.



It was hopeless trying to talk to him. In this state, all he wanted to know was where his next drink was coming from. I suggested he try the bottle in his hand. He really was a pitiful sight, lying there in the dirt next to the other garbage.



I told him I wanted to handle Vinnie The Chopper, but Spoken refused point blank to go back to work. So I threatened to shoot him point blank in the nuts unless he did. His brain might have been pickled in surgical spirit, but he still knew his balls from his beaujolais.

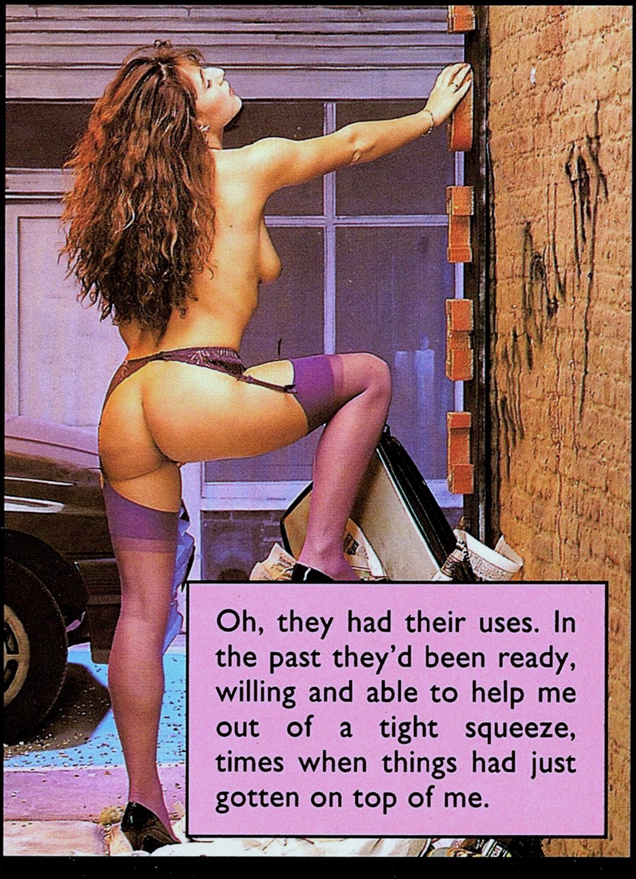


Spoken scuttled off and left me there. Still hot, still sexually frustrated. I knew what I needed. I had to get my hands on The Chopper. I stripped off my coat and let the air get to my tits as I thought about it. I concentrate better naked.

Yep, the world sure looked better with a naked pussy. Come to think of it, so did I, but I'd feel even better if I could lure The Chopper into my trap.

As I spread my legs and admired the way my pert breasts jutted out, I wondered how the Hardon Boys were doing. Probably stuck into a juicy little case right now. Looking down at my body, I was willing to bet my case was tighter than theirs!

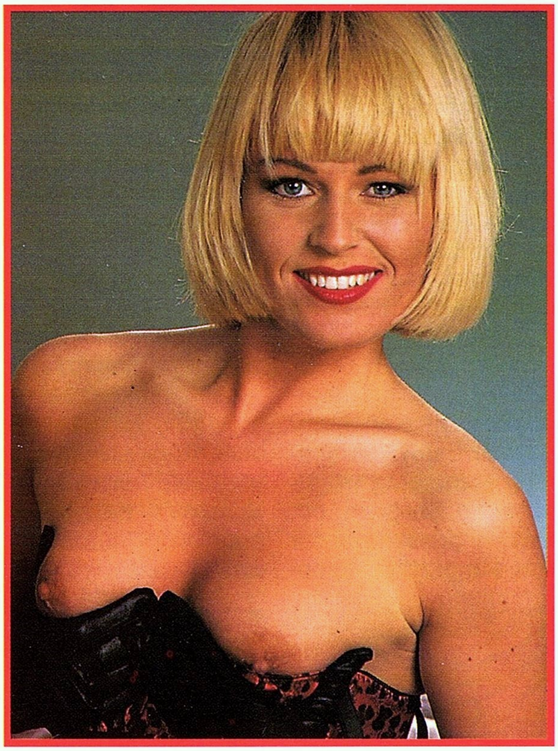
Perhaps it was time to let them bury the hatchet. Put our grievances to bed and make up again. But I wasn't sure if I really needed them anymore.

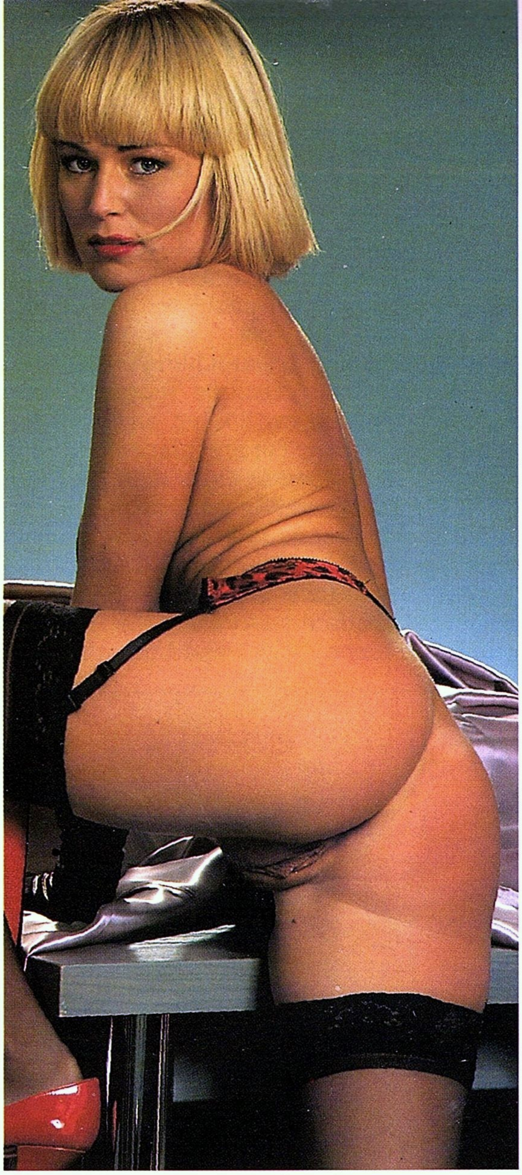


Oh, they had their uses. In the past they'd been ready, willing and able to help me out of a tight squeeze, times when things had just gotten on top of me.

But did a gal like me need a couple of extra dicks in her office? I thought about it for a second and decided it was time to give them a second chance.

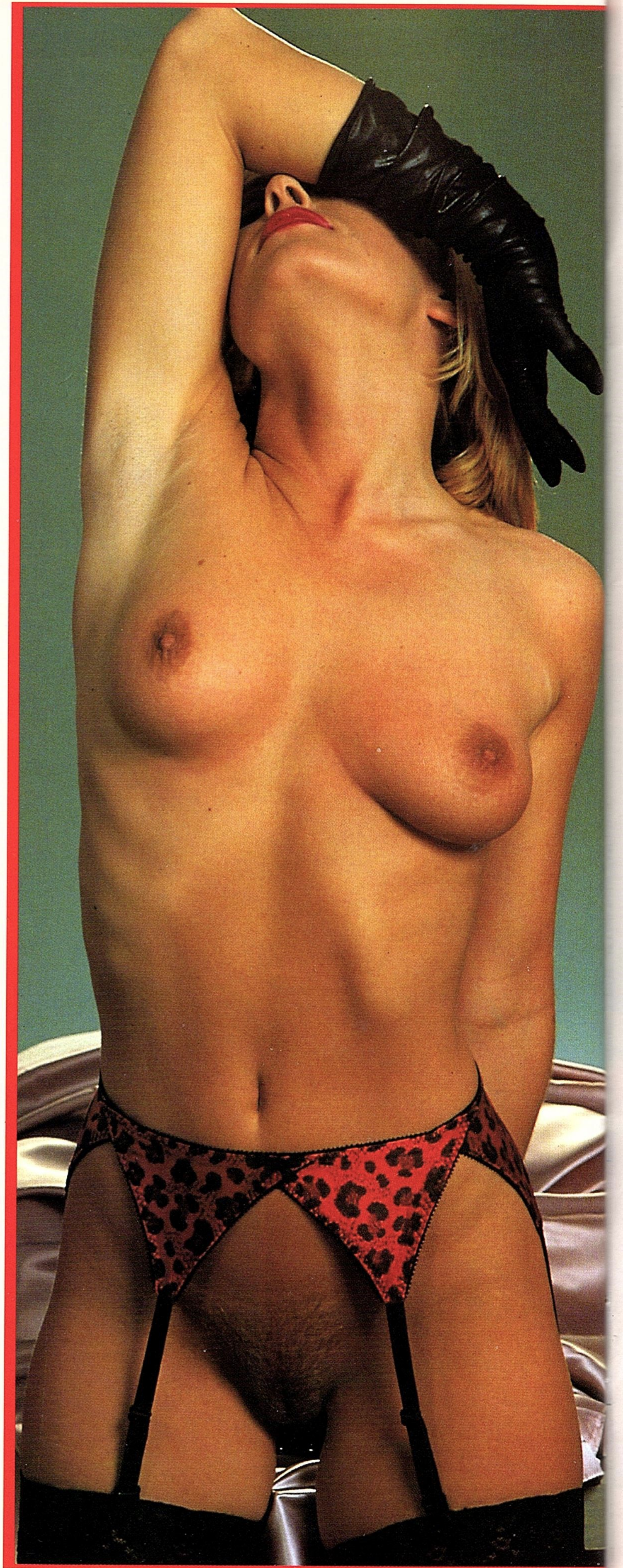
Besides, I wanted The Chopper served up to me on a plate, and if anyone had it in them to help me, it was the Hardon Boys. And if I can't coax a couple of Hardons into action, then my name ain't Nancy Screw!





Sam

I woke up this morning with an awesome, red 'n' raging hard on, and I've still got it now. Why? 'Cause yesterday I clocked these pics of Sam and I just can't get her outta my mind! I've tried everything. Ice cubes, a sharp tap with a hammer, I even envisaged myself being smothered in a ton of Mr. 'King Of *Fiesta*' Heard's old 'n' smelly socks (oooh, yuk, splutter). But all to no avail. The image of Sam's hot bod remains, as does my enormous stonker. Yes, a brisk stroll to clear the mind should do the trick. Well, it's better than having a wank!



Photographer PICTURE BUSINESS

Amanda & Alison

All the best things come in pairs: breasts, buttocks, orgasms and, of course, girls. Why settle for one when you can have a dirty duo of boiling, er, boilers (no offense, girls!) to ooze over? This 'ere is Amanda and Alison, luxuriating at their private pool in Benidorm. You'll have to agree that they're so svelte, they make yer melt. Also, they're so sunny, that yer knob goes runny! Ain't that the truth!

Photographer ALBERT HALL